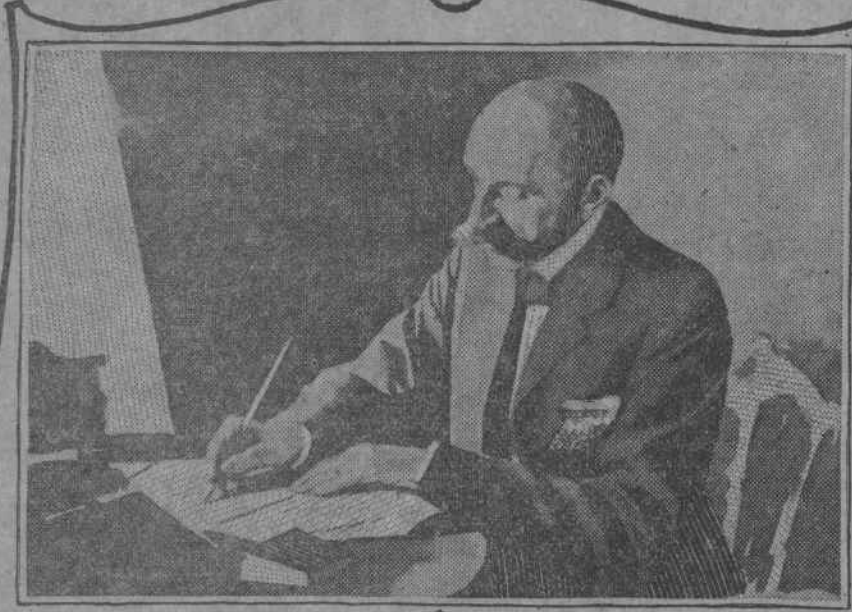


ESTERHAZY---Most Despised Man in the World.

THE BORDEREAU-

ESTERHAZY'S COPY-

Les nouvelles m'indiquent qu'on dévot me voir, je vous adresse cependant
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ESTERHAZY MAKING A COPY OF THE FAMOUS BORDEREAU

THE HAND THAT WROTE THE BORDEREAU

A Talk with the Guilty Wretch for Whom Dreyfus Has Suffered.

MAJOR ESTERHAZY is the man who wrote the bordereau which served as an excuse for condemning Dreyfus. He is the most conspicuous scoundrel of the day. He has been living in London, and the Sunday Journal's correspondent has interviewed him there and made a careful study of him. Esterhazy is reaping the fruits of his villainy. He is universally execrated and often suffers personal damage. His experiences which are told here are exciting, peculiar and well deserved.

LONDON, Sept. 16.—There is one man in London who has gained a world wide fame as an unqualified scoundrel, to whom no words could do injustice. He is Major Count Ferdinand Walsin Esterhazy and he is reaping the fruits of his fame.

Esterhazy is now known to all the world outside of France as the man who wrote the bordereau for which Dreyfus was originally arrested. He is a spy, traitor, thief, liar, perjurer and double-dyed scoundrel of every description. Not content with various kinds of treason to his country, he robbed his cousin's widow, who confided in him.

England is the only country in Europe where Esterhazy feels at all safe, because an asylum is afforded to all political refugees, but his life is made utterly miserable. Every free born Briton feels compelled to express his opinion of Esterhazy either by hurling half a brick or some contemptuous epithet at him.

Esterhazy's position is that of a hunted fox. He seeks to escape punishment by constantly changing his name and address and personal appearance, but the last is so marked that it is almost impossible for him to disguise himself for long.

The other day I set out in search of Esterhazy, determined to obtain if possible a personal impression of the man whom I knew to have committed so many villainies.

The various items which have appeared about him in the English newspapers indicated that he was to be found in the neighborhood of Leicester square, the French quarter. In spite of the fact that most of his infamies have been committed against France, the French are the only people who will tolerate his presence.

Living in Hiding Under an Assumed Name.

I first called at the Hotel de Paris, in Leicester square, the principal hotel of the quarter. I learned that Esterhazy had been there some months ago and had been careful not to leave his address when he went away. They said, however, that he was often to be found in Chailly's restaurant, near the square. I went thither and was at first told by the proprietor and head waiter that they knew nothing of Major Esterhazy. I sat down to lunch, however, and though a waiter who possessed the talent of his kind for finding out their customers' affairs, I got on the trail of Esterhazy.

The waiter told me that he went under the name of M. de Valmont, and that he was living at No. 40 Upper Gloucester place, off the Marylebone road. This I found to be an ordinary London lodging house of the better class. At first I received word that neither Major Esterhazy nor M. de Valmont lived there, but after I had sent a long note explaining that I was an American and a correspondent of the Sunday Journal and enclosing credentials to prove it, he consented to receive me.

I was ushered into a large room on the second story facing the street. By the window there was a writing desk. There was no one in the room. I looked around and my attention was attracted by a small table at the back of the room. On it was a fruit dish, in which lay a long knife in a sheath and a big army pistol in a holster.

Plush curtains divided the room from another at the back. After a few minutes Esterhazy stepped forward. Apparently he had been scrutinizing me from behind the curtains.

One of His Many Firsute Disguises.

I found him a tall man, above medium height even for an American, very bony and angular, but broad shouldered. His photographs have shown him with an enormous mustache and his face otherwise smooth shaven. When I saw him he had a moderate sized mustache and thick side whiskers. This variation of whiskers evidently formed part of one of his numerous disguises. One feature, however, which would enable one to recognize him under almost any disguise were his large, piercing, ferocious black eyes. As I looked at him in some surprise he said with a very strong French accent:

"Aha, so you do not recognize me from my portraits. Yes, I have to go to the English barber. It is not safe that I look too much like the French officer and gentleman in England."

"You seem to be prepared for emergencies," I remarked, indicating the revolver and knife.

"Yes, I have to keep them handy, for I never know when I shall collide with an agent of the Generals or a Dreyfusard scoundrel," he replied in a tone that did not encourage criticism.

"Of course," I resumed, "everybody knows that you have been subjected to some very unpleasant experiences in England. I should like to know the details of that affair in Oxford street the other day."

"Yes," he said, "I was the victim of a disgraceful outrage. I must go out occasionally to take the air. The other day I was walking in Oxford street, which is near to the quarter of my compatriots, when some blackguard called out, 'There goes Esterhazy!' All at once a great mob gathers around me. They cry, 'Liar! Scoundrel! Break his face! Tear his clothes off!' Thirty or forty ruffians, many of them women and boys, set upon me and assault me. They knock my hat off and kick it along the street. They subject me to numerous indignities which I will not debase myself by enumerating. I am glad to escape with the loss of my hat. If I had only had to deal with two or three of them, I would have rendered an account of myself in a manner becoming a French officer and gentleman, but against forty what would you?"

An Attempt on His Life in Holland.

"Have any attempts been made on your life in order to get you out of the way?" "Yes, twice; but whether instigated by the Generals or no I will not say. In Rotterdam, when I was walking by the canal one day, a crowd of four or five hundred people made a demonstration at me, as if to throw me into the water. I drew my knife—this one here," he said, showing me the dagger which rested, along with the pistol on his table—"and, seeing one man from the crowd, told the mob people that if they approached I would kill the man I had seized. My hos-



ESTERHAZY'S VARIOUS DISGUISES.



MAJOR ESTERHAZY

tage pleaded pitifully for his life. When I had returned to a safer part of the town I released my unwilling prisoner.

"On another occasion, while dining with a lady friend in the same city, I received a box. I opened it in the lunch room. There was an explosion. Fortunately I remained unhurt.

"Yes, perhaps the fact of my being alive is very annoying to many in France," he added naively. "They say that I shall soon put an end to my existence; that my manner of living is extravagant, and that when I can no longer follow it I shall suicide. But, you see, I still live."

The Major smiled grimly and coughed with some violence. He seemed in poor health.

He Has Acted for the Honor of the Army.

"Do you feel that there is any justification for these attacks on you?" "I do not, sir," replied the Major with some heat. "My conduct has been guided solely with a view to preserving the honor of the army."

"Do you still maintain then that Dreyfus is guilty?"

"I do," answered the Major. "Dreyfus was guilty of treason, although it could not be proved against him. When the French general staff became satisfied of the guilt of Dreyfus it was necessary to find proof of his guilt. That was the task that was confided to me. By the express orders of Colonel Sandherr I wrote the bordereau. My object in writing the bordereau was to furnish the material proof which was required in order to form the basis on which rested the moral evidence. It was with the same object as this that Colonel Henry prepared his documents."

"I only carried out the instructions of my superiors. To-day I am cast out, abandoned, made the scapegoat. Last year it was not so. The Generals, whom I have faithfully served, have turned against me."

"They are trying to maintain that it was not I who wrote the bordereau. But look, I will show you."

From his writing table he selected a piece of paper, and, placing beside it a facsimile of the famous bordereau, began writing in a free, easy, flowing hand the opening sentences. I watched him as he wrote. There seemed little attempt to make an exact copy. There was no tracing.

Yet the two writings, on comparison, were almost identical, with the exception of one or two letters, to which differences Esterhazy himself called attention.

"The 'M' is somewhat different. But I have four ways of writing 'M,'" he said, "and the small 'j' differs a little. But, you must know, my handwriting is extremely irregular."

He Proves That He Wrote the Bordereau.

He then illustrated his different methods of writing "M." One of the characters was the German capital letter.

Pasting a facsimile of the bordereau on a sheet of thick white paper, through which it would be most difficult to trace, I requested Major Esterhazy to copy a number of lines of the bordereau on the remaining portion of the sheet for the benefit of the Sunday Journal's readers. He did so. With half an eye one may see that the handwriting is identical. The copy of the bordereau written by Esterhazy is reproduced herewith.

This spontaneous demonstration on the part of Esterhazy proves him to be either the author of the bordereau or the most accomplished forger of the century. Comparing his handwriting prior to 1894 with his present calligraphy, and both with the bordereau, the first hypothesis only is acceptable.

"Acknowledging yourself, then, the author of the bordereau," said I, "would it not have been better policy for you to remain on friendly terms with the Generals? Was it not imprudent to confess writing the document?"

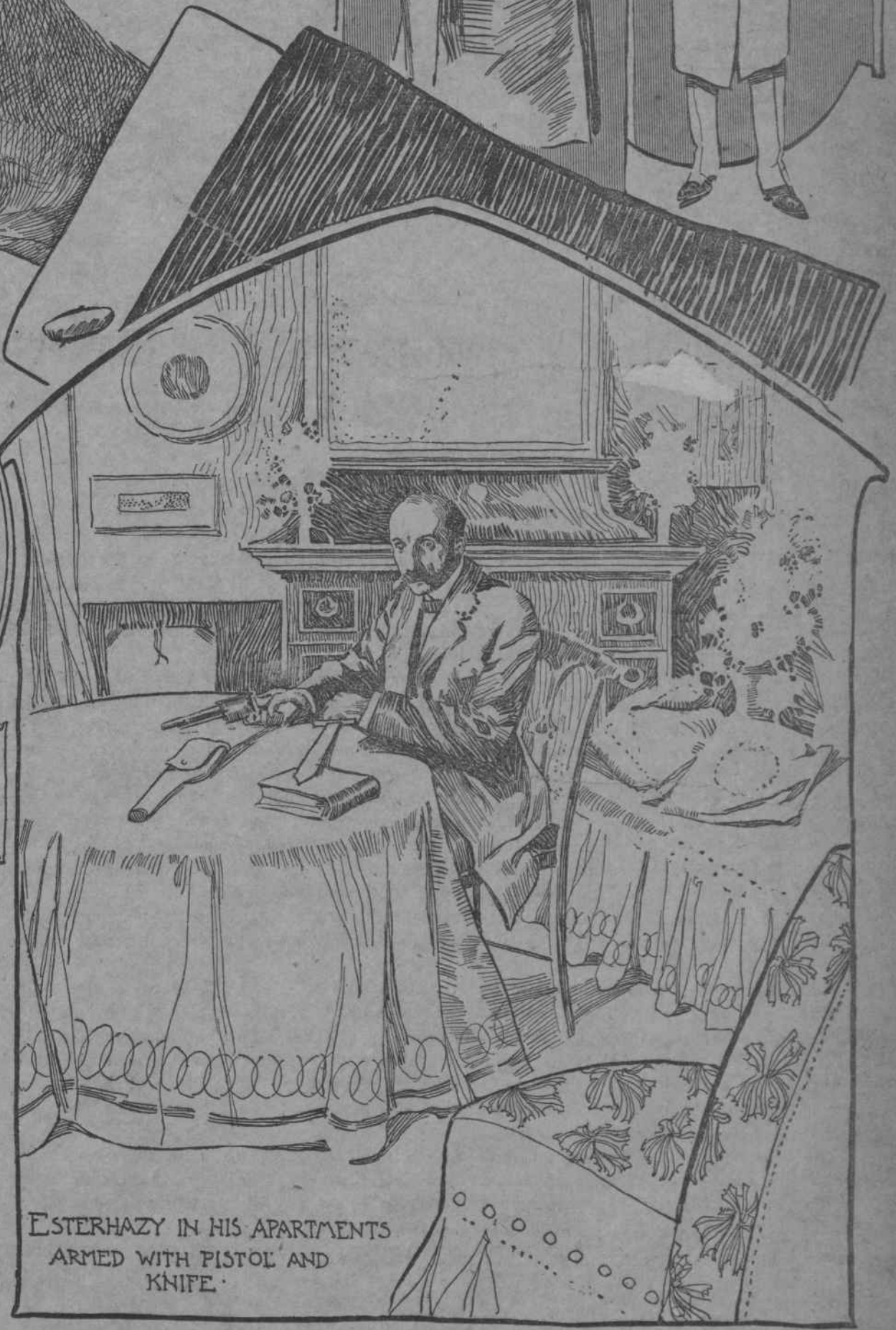
"I confessed because I was angered at certain of the Generals; they have deserted me. But of this I will not now speak. It will all be in the book which I intend publishing before long. Then it will be shown who is guilty. I will print in the book all the photographs and all my proofs. I shall demonstrate clearly the entire Dreyfus case. Perhaps I shall go to America to lecture, and the whole world shall know the inmost truth of the matter. At present every one seems to be in the dark. Statements of the most absurd character are being circulated."

"It is said that you are the author of the Petit Bleu?"

"I am not," responded Major Esterhazy emphatically. "The author of the Petit Bleu was the spy, Lemercier-Picard."

"Do you intend returning to France at any time?"

"No; to return to France would mean immediate imprisonment. To be in prison would be the same as to be dead—like Henry. Now I am free. I can write and speak freely, and show the world the truth of all these mysterious matters."



ESTERHAZY IN HIS APARTMENTS ARMED WITH PISTOL AND KNIFE.

can have these proofs published."

He showed me a number of photographic plates, on which, he said, were orders from men "in high places" commanding him to forge or alter certain documents and invent others. If his proofs are genuine, it seems that when the time comes he will have something startling to say.

One of the orders which he had photographed was from Du Paty de Clam. Esterhazy smiled when he came to this plate.

Major Esterhazy told me a great many more of the episodes in which he had figured on account of his unpleasant notoriety, and also showed me some curious souvenirs of them.

Challenges and Abusive Letters from All Over the World.

From all parts of the world he has received letters from self-appointed champions of truth and justice, challenging him to mortal combat. Many of these came from America. One of the latest of them was received by cable from Paul E. Ayer, the champion broadswordman of South Carolina. Mr. Ayer obligingly offered to meet Esterhazy anywhere in the world outside of France, where a duel could be conducted without interruption.

Esterhazy receives an enormous mass of communications from persons he does not know, many of them being anonymous. The letters apply to the major every term of abuse and contempt known to the languages of Europe. They tell him that he is a blot on the face of the earth, that hanging would be too good for him, and that he will certainly come to a violent death, which he richly deserves.

Here is an incident that is typical of dozens that have happened to him. He was dining in a restaurant, and a customer who recognized him told the waiter who was serving him who he was:

"Ah, the scoundrel," remarked the waiter, "if I had known it I would have thrown a plate of soup down his neck."

During his travels Esterhazy has resorted to all sorts of disguises. On the Continent he tries to pass for an Englishman. He wears blue glasses whenever he goes out now, and has six pairs of false whiskers, with which he varies his appearance. He would make quite a successful quick change artist.

During our conversation Esterhazy told me that he thought of coming to America.

"Do you think that they would treat me with justice and courtesy?" he asked.

"I am quite sure that Americans would do you justice," I remarked diplomatically.

When I came to the end of the interview Esterhazy offered me his hand—a cold, clammy hand. I took it with equal curiosity and repulsion, as I remarked to myself:

"And this is the hand that wrote the bordereau."

Are Diamonds Really Alive?

The rather startling statement is made that diamonds are alive.

It is certain that some precious stones are affected by the health of the wearer. Pearls and opals are both said to grow dull through the ill-health of those by whom they are worn, and the turquoise is said to become pale from the same cause. We have heard from excellent authority of a ruby ring which on the loss of an invalid, went pale and later, until, on the patient's death, the stones lost their color entirely. Pearls are extraordinarily sensitive to the condition of the skin on which they rest.

An example of this fact is shown by an episode of which a lady greatly desired to possess a pearl necklace, and her husband bought a very beautiful one. A month or two afterward, however, the pearls began to lose their lustre, and he took the necklace back to the jeweler who sold it to him. The salesman admitted the deterioration.

"You are quite right," he said, "but the truth is that your wife cannot wear pearls next to her skin. Let her maid wear the necklace for a few weeks, and the pearls will regain their full color."

A pearl dies as actually as a flower, though the latter is a great deal longer, and all its color and brilliancy disappear, on average, in a few days. It is impossible to estimate some pearls are known to be hundreds of years old; but it is not so with others. It is far from